

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1906.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,160

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

To Barre from Wells River by electric car?

Vermont is now in the position of a conservative business man; its revenue exceeds its expenses.

"Without doubt I shall be elected," says John B. Moran; but he neglected to say whether he would be elected to office or to stay at home.

There has not been so much interest in eastern state elections in years as today. The advent of Moran in Massachusetts and Hearst in New York is the chief cause for public interest hereabouts.

A boiler inspector who reports he inspected a boiler he did not even see, as did a recent inspector to Barre, who reported he inspected a certain boiler internally and found it all right, when he did not even see it, should seek another occupation.

It is becoming evident that Mayor John Weaver of Philadelphia was a reform mayor by policy rather than by virtuous determination. This fact is becoming strengthened by the fact that he has now gone back to the Penrose crowd which he was so bitterly assailing only a short time ago. The Philadelphia Public Ledger says of him: "The unselfish reformers, who labored unremittently to keep him in the straight path, long ago discovered that Weaver had no fundamental convictions that were not subordinate to his desire for place and power." Mayor Weaver would do well to place a gold frame about those magazine effusions that recently proclaimed him a "reformer" and hang them in his office as an evidence of what might have been but what was not because of the mayor's inability to fill the role.

LET US DROP IT.

As a meagre bit of respect to the real owners of the title, those who by splendid achievement or by years of service have merited recognition, let us drop the appendage of "colonel" from the names of members of the governor's staff as soon as their terms are finished. If we must grant the use of the term of military renown to those who have secured it only through meritorious service in leading a grand governor's hall, or because of special credit in bravely charging the banquet table, then let us use it sparingly. To properly distinguish members of the governor's staff, which is more or less military in character, some title is perhaps permissible to separate them from the plain "mistress"; but when the "colonels" have doffed their gold braid and returned to private and civilian life, it is senseless to continue to burden them with the deadweight of Col. So-and-so. It is, moreover, doing an injustice to the ones whose actual military service has won them the title. Past members of governor's staff do not, quite likely, care to continue the use of the title, and newspapers and other should not embarrass them by constantly referring to Col. Blank of Blankville.

"WHERE I LEARNED TO COOK."

Thousands of Housekeepers Have the Same Story to Tell.
 The Boston Daily Globe is constantly receiving letters from housekeepers who say: "When I was first married I knew nothing about cooking, and in fact nothing about housework. My husband and friends now say that I am a good cook. I learned practically everything I know in that line and in the housekeeping line from the household department of the Boston Daily Globe."
 Order the Boston Globe delivered regularly at your home.



PHONOGRAPHS
 ON EASY TERMS AT
 Vermont Fruit Store, 132 No. Main St.



This Winter there are Overcoats of all styles, but very few of this style because it's new and exclusive. Next season there will be plenty of them at any store. Now if you want a style before it becomes common—come to the store that always has the newest—direct from the head center, New York.

WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.
 FUR COATS TO RENT.

THROGERS & CO.
 147 Main Street, Barre, Vt.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Not Quite Clear.
 Hyker-Smiley claims to have been driven to drink by a woman.
 Hyker—So? Did she refuse him or marry him?—Chicago News.

A Very Different Thing.
 To sit upon a jury
 Most every man has steeved,
 But it takes a skillful lawyer
 To sit upon a witness.
 —Catholic Standard and Times.

Automobiles.
 Mrs. Schaffer—I want to look at some baby carriages.
 Dealer—Runabout or touring car?—Woman's Home Companion.

A Happy Ending.
 Upon his knees he begged of her.
 "Oh, be my wife, my darling, please!"
 Her answer you may all infer—
 She answered him upon his knees.
 —Houston Post.

Shut Up.
 Bacon—Something has happened to Hamm's speech.
 Egbert—Oh! Has he been getting married?—Yonkers Statesman.

Received Bills at Last.
 Hicks—Your wife was telling my wife that you've got all your Christmas presents paid for.
 Wicks—Yes, paid for the last of them yesterday.
 Hicks—Lucky dog! I haven't even begun to think of the presents I've got to buy.
 Wicks—Oh, neither have we for this year. My wife was speaking of last year's presents.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Little Woman.
 "I want to get a mitter, please," said the little girl, "if it don't cost too much."
 "Oh, you mean a pair of mittens, don't you, my child?" replied the shopkeeper.
 "No, only just one—one that's suitable for a boy that's goin' to propose and be rejected."—Houston Post.

An Eye to Spare.
 "Be careful how you shoot that arrow this way," said the supporter of the family to the kid. "You'll put out my eye, and then I can't write any more."
 "Why," asked the kid, as he kept on shooting, "can't you write with one eye?"—New York Press.

The Long Way Around.
 That was a long distance message through the earth, or over it, to the Goettingen seismograph from "a powerful earthquake 14,000 miles away." If it was 14,000 miles one way, it must have been only 11,000 the other. Perhaps the reporter thought the longest way round was the shortest way to tell about the mysterious shake.—Buffalo News.

Trees in Sicily.
 The ancient poets used to sing of the dense forests of Sicily. Today the mountains are bare. The question of reforesting is a difficult one. Attempts at starting new growth are frustrated by the peasants, who tear down fences and drive in their goats. Only under military protection could new forest trees be grown.

CIGARS!

If you want a good, honest, clean smoke, free from all drugs and flavors, get a Tip Top. A 5 cent cigar that has a reputation to be proud of. Manufactured by

GEO. M. MARRION,
 CORNER CIGAR STORE.

Mileage Books on all Roads.

A Tale of the Olden Time

(Original.)

If a tithe of the romance contained in history could be recorded the inventors of fictitious happenings would be put to shame. In the misty records contained in the Tower of London or in the plain unvarnished history of Scotland there is a plentiful supply of themes for English song and story. Here is one that needs no elaboration.

In a cell in a Scottish castle Sir John Cochrane, a knight, condemned by the king to be beheaded, was taking a final leave of his daughter.
 "Farewell, my child," said the father. "I am to die at dawn tomorrow."
 The girl asked at him fiercely—so fiercely that he almost thought this horror had deprived her of reason.
 "Father," she said hoarsely, "you must not die."

The knight folded her in his arms and moaned in broken tones: "The king wills it. He has signed my death warrant, and it is on its way. It will be here tonight. The scaffold and block are ready. The headsman is waiting. The sun tomorrow will not rise on your father. My child, do not deceive yourself. There is no hope."

Withdrawing from his embrace, the girl turned and left him. As she passed out of the door she paused and, turning, said with the energy of despair: "Father, you shall not die."
 The night was dark. A courier dashed and splashed along a muddy Scottish road. A mail pouch was slung to his shoulder. Now and again the bough of some overhanging tree would sprinkle his face with rain water, and his horse was continually plunging into some pool or mudhole in the road. The moorland stretched ahead of him, before him and behind him. Far in the distance loomed the castle in which Sir John Cochrane was confined, and the messenger was making straight for it. In the east was a faint forewarning of dawn. Noticing it, he spurred his horse, muttering:

"I shall be late. It would be a pity to keep a man in suspense. It's to be at dawn, and my presence is as necessary as that of the man who is to part with his head."

He had scarcely finished his soliloquy when something sprang up and at him from the road. At first he thought it a beast, but in another moment he felt a pair of arms struggling to deprive him of his mail pouch. The courier was not a weak man, and his enemy was of light and slender build, but it seemed as if heaven were giving to the latter superhuman strength. In vain the courier tried to throw him off. He clung like a panther. Then the horse, unable to support the two struggling weights, fell. The courier rolled into a ditch beside the road, and as he clambered out he caught sight of a figure clad in the garments of a Scottish knight standing in silhouette against the line where earth and sky met.

At the castle those who were to officiate at the execution emerged from their sleeping rooms to witness the passing of Sir John Cochrane. Nothing was wanting but the official order for the execution, and that was not forthcoming. Dawn grew into daylight, and the sun rose. Then came the courier with his story that he had been attacked by an unknown knight and robbed of his mail pouch containing the warrant. The headsman rested on his ax while the others consulted. There seemed nothing to do but send to the capital for another order, and, considering the distance and the roads of the period, the trip would require two weeks. The messenger was dispatched, the officials dispersed and the headsman put away his ax.

During the period of waiting the father confessor was pleading for Sir John's life. Gradually a hope sprang like a green sprig from the ground, grew stronger, budded and bloomed into a belief that the condemned man would be pardoned. But if so which would arrive first, the new death warrant or the pardon? In those days of uncertain communication no one could tell.

One morning a sentry on the castle wall looking over the moorland saw in the distance a horseman coming at a gallop. The sentry called the attention of others to the comer, and the wall was soon covered with Sir John Cochrane's well-wishers. As the man came near he waved a paper above his head and shouted, "A pardon!"

The prison doors were swung open, and the prisoner stepped forth a free man. Going to his home, followed by a host of loyal friends, he was overwhelmed with congratulations. He had expected his daughter to be the first to welcome him, but when he did not see her he was troubled. He asked for her and was told that she had not been seen since the evening she had parted from him in his cell. All day the rejoicings went on, but when night came the man who had passed from the shadow of death to the light of life was alone. Then came a servant to announce that a young knight desired to see him. Hoping that the stranger bore news of his daughter, Sir John ordered his admittance. A slender young man of feminine appearance entered and handed him a parchment.

Sir John ran his eyes over the document and, seeing that it was his death warrant, turned pale. Then he threw it into the fire.

"You prevented this from reaching its destination?" he asked.

"I did."

"And who are you and what interest had you in saving my life?"

The knight threw off helmet, cloak and jerkin and stood before the astonished man as his daughter.

ESTHER WILLIAMS.

Always in a hurry.

Mrs. Hoyle—There is one thing that puzzles me.

Mrs. Doyle—What is that?

Mrs. Hoyle—I can understand how people can marry in haste, but I can't understand how they can repeat at leisure.—Brooklyn Life.

PLAINFIELD.

Mrs. Truman Bartlett was in Montpelier on Monday.

A. G. St. Cyr and son have gone to South Royalton to visit his uncle.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. McGoff of Montpelier visited friends in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Ella Kidder and Blanche, her daughter, were in Barre on Tuesday last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbiatic were in Burlington part of last week to see Dr. Twitchell.

Mrs. Clara Kellogg was in South Ryegate on Saturday of last week, giving music lessons.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whitecher are reported to be confined to the house with heavy colds.

Mr. Burnham of San Francisco spent Saturday in town visiting his sister, Mrs. Charles Jack.

Mr. and Mrs. Downing of White River Junction spent one day of last week in town among friends.

Henry Batchelder of Godard seminary was in town over Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Arch Batchelder.

Miss Etta Jack is spending a few days in Montpelier with friends, also attending the Co. H. fair.

William Whitecher of Lisbon, N. H., is in town for a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Whitecher.

Mrs. Susan Renfrew of East Calais has moved her household goods into the Shorey block on School street.

Fred Cree has moved his family into the tenement recently vacated by Ed. Bartlett in Mrs. Amanda Batchelder's house.

Mrs. Ella Kidder has had her house on Main street wired for electricity. The work was done by Ernest Ide of East Calais.

Miss Julia Blodgett, teacher of the intermediate grades, was reported to be quite ill part of last week and was unable to teach on Friday.

Baldness.

When baldness first makes its appearance the scalp is usually tight. The application of goose oil will loosen it and furnish food for the tissues of the skin.

Bridge Designer's Curious Wish.

Henley bridge, in England, was designed about 1786 by Thomas Hayward, who expressed the wish that he might die ere the work was commenced and that his body might be interred under the center pier. He died before the bridge was completed, but was buried in the churchyard close by.

Day and Night.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night at any time of the year may be ascertained. By doubling the time of the sun's rising the length of the night is obtained, and by doubling the time of the setting the length of the day is given.

Coldest European Capital.

St. Petersburg is the coldest capital in Europe, the temperature in winter sometimes reaching 50 degrees below zero.

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